Your mark around my throat

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Your mark around my throat

by FantasyFreak_2

Summary

„How often is the first touch of a soulmate on your throat? That just has to be an interesting story.”
“Hardly.” Hannibal waved it off. “I was just clumsy and fell over a crease in the carpet. In a desperate attempt to right myself I grabbed at the person standing next to me and unluckily managed to choke poor William. Luckily he managed to forgive me this terrible first impression.” Hannibal raised their entwined hands to press a kiss to Will’s knuckles.
“Oh.” Margaux sounded slightly disappointed and looked at Hannibal’s cheek where golden markings showed where Will touched Hannibal for the first time. “And after you caught Hannibal you touched his cheek to make sure he was alright?”
“No.” Will answered. “I slapped him for his impertinence.”

In a universe where the first touch of your soulmate on your skin will leave a mark that lasts for the rest of your life, Will has a golden handprint on his throat. This is the real story of how he got it.

Notes

I had this idea for a Soulmate AU for months, finally got to write it, I hope you'll enjoy it.

Merry Christmas and a happy new year :)

“Oh my god, Hannibal, I’m so jealous! Even your soulmark is unique just like everything else involving you.” The high-pitched voice was grating on Will’s ears. Sometimes he wondered why he always let himself be dragged into Hannibal’s dinner parties.

“Thank you, Margaux.” Will’s polite-as-ever husband answered. God even her name was pretentious.

“Can I see?” Margaux reached out with her claw-like fingernails towards Will’s throat where golden markings showed an imprint of Hannibal’s hand, his fingers lovingly wrapped around Will’s windpipe. Will stumbled back in a desperate attempt to avoid her, ready to fight the harpy off but luckily Hannibal caught her hand before it came anywhere near Will.

“Now, Margaux you wouldn’t want to be rude, would you?“ There was a dangerous undertone to his voice even the woman couldn’t seem to be able to ignore.

“Of course not.” She said with a nervous laugh. “Forgive me. But I just have to ask how this mark came to be.”

Margaux’s sister standing next to her had at least a modicum of tact and hissed: “Margy, you can’t just ask people that!”

“Oh as if you wouldn’t want to know as well.” Margaux chuckled. „I mean how often is the first touch of a soulmate on your throat? That just has to be an interesting story.”

“Hardly.” Hannibal waved it off. “I was just clumsy and fell over a crease in the carpet. In a desperate attempt to right myself I grabbed at the person standing next to me and unluckily managed to choke poor William. Luckily he managed to forgive me this terrible first impression.” Hannibal raised their entwined hands to press a kiss to Will’s knuckles.

“Oh.” Margaux sounded slightly disappointed and looked at Hannibal’s cheek where golden markings showed where Will touched Hannibal for the first time. “And after you caught Hannibal you touched his cheek to make sure he was alright?”

“No.” Will answered. “I slapped him for his impertinence.”

He couldn’t help but smirk at the affronted gasps of the guests surrounding them.

“Will!” Hannibal pulled him away from the group by his arm and when they were out of ear-shot he sighed. “I wished you would stop always saying that when people ask about our soulmarks.”

“Oh, what do you want me to tell your social pariahs?” Will asked as he raised his glass of very good whiskey to his lips. “The truth?”

Will liked going fishing as far away from the next settlement as was reasonable with the travel time. Considering the day he met his soulmate was also a weekday and it had been only an hour at most from dusk he doubted he would see even a lost hiker. He also left his dogs at home since a pack of dogs playing and jumping around noisily drove away the bulk of the fishes.

It was his own small paradise; far away from all responsibilities, from corpses, murderers, Jack… Sometimes he wished he could remain here forever.

Unfortunately Alana had found her soulmate the week prior and he was invited to the big party the Mason family was throwing at the occasion. It was rare to not have found your soulmate at thirty and apparently everyone had started becoming nervous at Margot still being alone. Will really could forgo the pitying looks he would receive once he shows up as the only lonesome man in his age-range but Alana had invited him and he didn't know how to refuse or explain that he was quite happy with his seven dogs and REALLY didn't need to add another person to his mess of a life. Who would want to be stuck with him anyway?

For now he was determined to enjoy his time alone and far away from any stress…

A scream cut through the silence of the evening then abruptly stopped.

Will cursed violently under his breath and looked around but saw nothing and no-one. In an effort to keep the gun he always carried around with him safe from water damage he had left it at the shore bank together with the rest of his things. His things which he could easily see from where he was standing but would need at least a minute or more to reach with the water flowing in the opposite direction.

As he tried to wade to the bank as fast and soundlessly as he could while keeping his eyes in the direction of where the scream had come from. He was halfway out of the water as he saw a shadow move among the trees out of the corner of his eye but as he turned his head it was gone again. He let his gaze wander over the trees and bushes surrounding the small river. Whatever or whoever had attacked the other person in the woods was good at keeping a low profile but seemed not quite used to its wooden surroundings because as Will turned his head around again a loud snap of a branch alarmed him to the danger next to him. He turned his head and saw HIM for the first time.

Back then Will hadn't known the name of the handsome man wearing a plastic overall covered in blood but now he knew one of Hannibal's victims had lead him into the more reclusive parts of the woods.

For the blink of an eye they starred at each other both of them astonished at seeing someone disturb their down time. Then Hannibal turned his head to the part of the shore where Will's things lay.As the last embers of the sun hit the metal of his gun you could see it glimmer.

Then they both started sprinting.

Will was far closer to his things than his opponent but fighting the current made any fast movement impossible even as he gave up being quiet, splashing all the way down. In front of his mental eye he already saw Hannibal reaching his gun first when he threw himself forward

with all his weight and landed chest first on the ground before his things. Hannibal hadn't expected that and nearly stumbled over Will's prone body in an attempt to slow down. Will grabbed his pistol and twisted his body to get the aim for a proper shot at his opponent. A loud bang rang through the forest and several birds started fluttering out of the tress surrounding them. Will's ears rang and for a moment he hoped it was over.

A firm hand closed around the wrist holding the gun and twisted making Will gasp out in pain. He let go of the gun and twisted his body around to relieve the pressure on his arm – luckily Will's wrist was still covered by his shirt making it easy to turn his arm without removing it from Hannibal's grip. He could just see Hannibal catching the falling gun with his free hand and casually tossing it in the stream next to them. Hannibal's expression was completely calm and he wasn't even breathing hard.

Psychopath, Will's brain provided. *Possible sadist considering the enjoyment in his eyes.*

Will was in a half-kneeling position with his arm twisted in front of him and knew the typical untrained response would be to try pulling his arm away. Instead he pushed himself forward with all his body weight and threw himself on his attacker

Hannibal hadn't expected it and went down with a grunt as Will tried to roll on top of him. Hannibal had an advantage in both body weight and height but Will had a lot of training and experience in fighting dirty against stronger opponents and so they went rolling over the forest floor, twigs breaking under them and flowers getting pressed into mush.

Finally Will managed to get the upper-hand, pushed down on Hannibal's throat with his elbow and managed a few harsh breaths as he felt blood drip from a cut on his hairline. At least the murderer under him was breathing just as hard as him and at some point either Will or the twigs and stones surrounding them had bloodied his lip.

For a moment Will thought he might actually win but then Hannibal's lips twisted upwards and he gave him a blood-curtling smile. Hannibal's hands took hold of both sides of Will's rip cage and suddenly Will felt how he was picked up and threw to the side as if he weighed less than a sack of potatoes.

He landed on his back and all air was driven out of his lung. He could only take a few sluggish breaths of air before Hannibal's hands were on his collar and dragging him backwards. Will tried to weakly push Hannibal's arms away but it was no use. Then his head was pushed down into the icy waters.

The sudden temperature change was a shock and Will nearly opened his mouth but managed to stop himself at the last second. Over him, his face distorted by the waves and hair emblazed by the last embers of sunlight, he could make out Hannibal. He looked like an angel.

Will finally got his limps back under control again and started to wildly struggle, anything to push the man off him and he felt his arm connect to something. For a second the hands on his collar loosened and Will managed to break the water surface and take a big gulp of air then a hand was on him again pushing him back down. The hand closed around his throat and…

At first Will thought he was imagining the golden sparks shimmering around him and the warmth forming where his skin was in contact with the hand squeezing the live out of him. The oxygen deprivation seemed to be worse than he thought when he was imagining the signs of a soulmark forming.

But as he looked up at his attacker's eyes Will saw the shock in them. The grip around Will's throat slackened but didn't loosen and Hannibal leaned in as if to take a closer look at the spectacle happening under the surface.

How fitting. A voice in Will's head commented. Considering how terrible his life had been so far it only seemed proper it would end with him getting drowned by his serial killer-soulmate. How could he ever think it would any differently?

But a small petty part of him refused to let go so easily. If his soulmate was so determined to take Will's life as his prize Will at least wanted to leave him with something to remember him by.

With his last strength he raised his arm out of the water and slapped Hannibal with everything he still had across the cheek. He felt his hand connect, felt the warmth wander down his fingertips to his arm - the only warmth he could feel in his body- and saw the sparks flowing through the air as another soulmark formed. Then the hand around his throat let go leaving Will to sink deeper into the depth of the stream. He didn't have the strength left to pull himself up, barely had the strength left to keep his eyes open. Above him he saw golden lights dancing through the night sky. His death was strangely beautiful to behold.

Everything…

…was going…

…quiet….

Strong arms clasped around his chest and with a jolt Will was pulled out of the water. Instinctively his mouth opened to breathe as he felt the cold night air hit his face and he started coughing wildly. Someone was holding him to a chest and Will tried to press closer to feel the warmth of the body surrounding him but unfortunately the plastic he was leaning against was barely warmer than the night air.

A moment later he noticed that whoever was carrying him was moving. He made an alarmed noise before a warm hand started stroking the hair at the back of his neck. "Hush, everything is alright now, my soul."

Will tried to make a noise equivalent to: "My soulmate is a serial killer and just now nearly drowned me in a river and is now kidnapping me." but couldn't quite convey the message. Instead he lost consciousness.

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As he woke up again he was warm. It was such a shocking realization that Will sat up abruptly feeling the soft blanket fall off his upper body. He was lying on a couch in the middle of a tastefully decorated living room, a fire was crackling next to him.

“Hello William.” Will’s head whipped around to see his soulmate dressed in an expensive-looking suit sitting in a armchair with his legs crossed and a notebook in his lap. “My name is Dr. Hannibal Lecter and I think we should have a talk about your suicidal tendencies.”

Will let himself sink back into the sofa with a sigh. “Dear god my soulmate is a psychiatrist.”

Will was ripped out of his remembering by Hannibal laying his hand on the golden markings around Will’s throat, perfectly filling the handprint.

“Stop that.” Will hissed in annoyance but made no move to remove his soulmate’s hand. “I already told you if you do this again I will not hesitate from also giving you a perfect replication of my first touch on your skin.” He leaned in closer to Hannibal’s ear. “Including any pain.”

Hannibal turned his head to press his lips to Will’s ear and whisper back. “Who says I would be opposed to that?” His hand was still resting on Will’s throat. “You didn’t seem especially opposed against me putting my hand here as we made love.”

Will swallowed hard feeling Hannibal’s hand move with him. “You’re impossible.”

Hannibal smiled. “You couldn’t life without me.”

“No.” Will agreed. “I couldn’t.”

Once you found your soulmate you could only stay apart for small amounts of time. A few days, a week at most before your body would start to give in on you. If Will ever brought the Chesapeake Ripper to justice he would more or less live his life in prison alongside him. Few people would commiserate with him. In the end what monster would have the Chesapeake Ripper as their soulmate?

Will pulled back slightly to press a kiss on Hannibal’s lips. “Will you kill Margaux for being rude?”

Hannibal gave him an indulgent smile. “Would you like me to?”

Will laid his hand on the golden markings on his soulmate’s cheek. “No.” He started biting Hannibal’s ear making him groan. “I want to kill her myself.”

What monster indeed?

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